Then to pause beside the Shaiimar, that Garden of Love where Jehangir and Nur Jehan made up their only quarrel, whose anniversary this is, for it is now the Feast of Roses, and to-night the fairy boat pro-cession will wend down the Jhelum, and the Maharajah's Shikara will take the prize as " Ruby," bathed in the gems own light, and the Shalimar itself is joyous in a riot of roses in tints of blood, cardinal, vieux rose, peony, dust pink, lemon petalled, snow white, green veined, and black, A clamour of gorgeousness, rivalled only by the yellow jessamine planted and loved by the Light of the World around her heronry.

So we passed into that garden sung and sighed for all over the world, under the direct patronage of Shiva, for the Hill of Mahadeva rises to 15,000 feet sheer above us, crowned with snows, and our American archiologist says the scent of the white iris at its foot reminds him of his home arbutus,

and our Hindu pundit tells us how Mahadeva himself once appeared to his devotee who agonised on that hill because in the Kali Yog* the

* The Black Age, when spirituality is lowest.

 teachings